

VOL. IV.-No. 93.

DECEMBER 18, 1878.

Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"

MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

# Puck

PUBLISHED BY  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878.

OFFICE N° 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.

American  
LEGATION  
at Berlin.

NATURALIZATION  
PAPER.  
ISSUED BY THE  
UNITED STATES.

VALUE OF AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP ABROAD.—OUR EAGLE-EYED GUARDIANS.

# PUCK.

**PUCK.**  
No. 13 North William Street, New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS.

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BUSINESS MANAGER..... A. SCHWARZMANN.  
EDITOR..... H. C. BUNNER.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PUCK is on Sale in London, at the News Agency of Messrs. HENRY F. GILLIG & CO., 449, Strand, Charing Cross, and THE WILLMER & ROGERS NEWS COMPANY, 12, Bouvier Street, (Fleet Street).

Americans in Paris, hitherto reduced to "Punch," "Fun" and "Judy," will now find their natural paper on file at the "Herald" Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opéra.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications, and to this rule we can make no exception.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

Our advertising friends are only required to pay bills presented on the billheads of PUCK, with our stamp IMPRESSED thereon.

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AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

In those old times when the athletic native of the banks of the Tiber used to raise his voice and his biceps, ejaculating that he was a "Roman citizen!"—Citizenship carried with it a distinct and understood value. In these degenerate days, however, it seems difficult to ascertain wherein lies the value of American citizenship, unless it be the privilege it gives you of voting for the wrong man, and of getting a few free drinks about election time.

We have two kinds of citizens: the natives who can't help themselves; and the naturalized who become citizens by preference. Surely we ought to treat these latter with every courtesy for the compliment they pay us of pitching overboard the allegiance due their native land and swearing fealty to the Bird of Freedom. And yet, if the news we hear from Germany be correct, a certificate of American naturalization is of about as much protective value as a piece of blank paper. In the vigorous days of the Republic an American citizen was an American citizen all over the world; sustained and protected by the full power of the Government. To-day, well, to-day, an American citizen can exercise his citizenship at the polls, and during the balance of the time he can take care of himself. But if he be a naturalized citizen, let him beware in case he re-visits the land of his birth. He may fondly suppose that the *Aegis* of Liberty is continually hovering over him, much after the manner of the typical Guardian Angel; that American Ministers, Chargés-d'affaires, Consuls, etc. are put in position to aid and comfort Americans abroad. Bless your naturalized heart! Get yourself into a little controversy with any foreign State, and see what your American Minister will do for you—unless you are a boss-politician at home.

The fact is, American citizenship is running very low, just now. To give it a lift, would it not be well for the Government to guarantee, specifically, protection on all naturalization papers; and, furthermore, to recall the useless flunkies in foreign missions, and conduct our diplomatic business by telephone?

SAINTS OF THE SHRIEVALTY.

NEW YORK has several nice b'hoys whom it employs as Sheriff, County Clerk and Register. They never sought for the positions; but what were they to do when the people insisted on their accepting the offices? Wiping away a tear, and with a heavy sigh, they undertook the onerous duties. "For," said they, "the interests of the city and county are paramount. It's a dreadful sacrifice, but we'll do it." And they've been doing it ever since.

We are indebted to the Bar Association for calling the public attention to the hopelessly destitute condition of these individuals and their satellites, owing to such unprecedented unselfish action.

It is really lamentable to think of the terrible treatment to which these lamb-like and long-suffering officials are subjected. How they manage to live on the miserable pittances they receive is a mystery. The law gives them no relief. For instance, although that cumbersome order of things permits them to charge thirty-seven and a half cents for a bail-bond, yet they are obliged to have forced on them more than thirty times that amount—\$11.75. Major Quincy, one of the Sheriff's holy men, says that even this doesn't pay him, poor fellow—although we're almost inclined to say: so much the better if it doesn't. He may actually have to resign, and another salaried Order of Arrests man reign in his stead who won't have to distress himself about fees. The same remarks apply to His Holiness the Sheriff and the elegant gentleman who adorn his office as deputies, whom nothing will induce to accept more than is their due—although what that is is usually an unknown quantity. In a judgment for \$100, if they can get but \$90 to "divvy," they are not perfectly happy. Then how they weep for the sorrows of humanity—but the subject is too painful to dwell on.

Yes, even the County Clerk and Register are willing to endure similar martyrdom from patriotic and religious motives, although that meddlesome Bar Association offers to administer relief in some form or other, to which Misster Comptroller Kelly, who has already begun to make elaborate preparations for future canonization at the turn of the next century, strongly objects.

THANKS; BUT CAN'T.

PUCK has made effective fun of the detectives who have not found Mr. Stewart's body. Now let our humorous contemporary—which is no respecter of persons and is wholly unembarrassed by any weak tenderness for sham and fraud which happen to be conventional and venerable—direct its attention to another kind of detectives, who are not any brighter and are a good deal meaner. We refer to the federal special agents who have just illustrated their lack of skill and decency in pretending to unravel the mystery of the Hot Springs legislation.—*Evg. Post.*

We thank our Particularly Esteemed Contemporary for the politely offered suggestion, on which we should certainly have acted, had we thought the matter of sufficient general importance to justify our troubling the waters with a cartoon. But the "federal special agents" are so constantly getting themselves into hot water that their plunges into the calorific element have got to be expected as a mere matter of course. PUCK is never short of shams and frauds to perforate with his pen and pencil. In fact, he suffers from an *embarras de richesses*, in this line, and he is very well content to leave a fair share of them to the able scalping-knife of his friend the *Post*.

Puckerings.

TALMAGE says they all Dewitt! C?

A "BRACING" AIR—That of the man who approaches you to request a loan.

THEY are going to build a railroad up Mt. Vesuvius. We suppose it lava double-track.

QUESTION to be asked of a man in the Rogue's Gallery: Are you often taken that way?

LORNE's little evening-dress show might well have been called the "Canadian Low-Neck-sition."

No man can walk, barefooted, in a straight line across a newly-carpeted room. He must take a tack.

"HIGH-HEELED boots are much worn this winter."—*Express.* Wrong again; it's the low-heeled boots that are worn.

Now soon a small speech of much faith Charles Augustus will make, saying: "With Maud Ann Arabella, Thith here's an umbrella That wath built to your order by Smith."

SENATOR BLAINE, don't pose as an orator, and revive dead issues and howl because you think your party isn't as strong as it ought to be—but deserve well of your country by initiating useful legislation and forgetting that there is any difference between a Democrat and Republican, and then—well—1880.

A FEW days ago the reigning star of the Brooklyn stage received through the medium of a medium the following communication:

"DEAR TALMAGE: Am delighted to find that my mantle has fallen upon such worthy shoulders. Chalk your face and you'll be simply perfect.

22—collect \$5.00

It is confidently asserted that Schell lost his own district in the late election by keeping a dozen of his most influential constituents waiting in the barber-shop one Sunday morning while he got, in addition to his shave, a haircut and a shampoo. Public men should be careful how they trifle with the best feelings of those upon whose suffrages they rely.

If your girl gazes intently at your feet about this time, don't grow nervous and draw them up under your chair, nor think that she is amused at their immensity. She is only taking a mental measure of them, and on New Year's she'll surprise you with a gorgeous pair of slippers, decorated with a bunch of embroidered green tulips, or a blue canary with a yellow tail.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL LORNE is said to have informed the *Herald Nuncio* that he was interested in that journal. If the Marquis wishes to retain his regard, PUCK would strongly recommend to his perusal the next Sunday edition (decuple sheet) especially the medical, astrological, personal and matrimonial advertisement columns, and the "Chat by the Way," on the religious page. The interest will then surely blossom into admiration.

NOTICE.

No. 9 (issue of May 7th, 1877), No. 14 (issue of June 4th, 1877), & No. 26 (issue of September 5th, 1877), No. 56 (issue of April 3rd 1878) of "PUCK" will be bought at this office, No. 13 North William Street, at full price.

## PUCK'S TRIBULATIONS.

**P**UCK is disturbed in mind because a few of his admirers find fault with his sentiments, his articles, and the style of his cartoons. This is unfortunate, but he will strive to bear up under so heavy a load of affliction, and strive to endure it with Christian fortitude. We try very hard to please, and until recently flattered ourselves that we had succeeded in giving satisfaction to our thirty thousand subscribers; but it appears there are some half-dozen who are cast in a superior mould to ordinary mortals, and are, in point of fact, animated matter in the wrong place. Their right place, according to their own notion, would be on the editorial staff of PUCK.

Our columns not being of the same length as the Marquis of Lorne's favorite, the *Herald*, we cannot enlarge on grievances to the same extent that that enterprising journal would under similar circumstances; but we will endeavor to soothe the feelings of two or three of these unhappy individuals who have the most regard for grammar, in the hope that they may be able to sleep more comfortably in future.

"An Indignant Englishman" has come to the conclusion that PUCK is not an honor to civilization. These are not his exact words, but they are near enough for our purpose. The irascible Briton accuses us of insulting his nation by writing flippantly of—as he styles her—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. He wants to know by what right we call that exalted personage "English Vic," and "how dare" we speak of her, the noblest lady in the world, as commonplace and miserly.

Now we rather admire this native of the tight little island for his well-meant patriotism, but if he'll keep cool and reflect a little, he will ultimately thank PUCK for being the means of showing him in its true colors all this mumbo-jumbo royal tomfoolery and now fading relic of barbarism.

We are sorry to have hurt his feelings. Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to be able to entertain a blind veneration for Queen Victoria and to think her better than Mesdames Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson, or any other women who are supposed to be ladies; but we cannot do it—not with all the titles piled up sky-high, and the semi-sacrificial one of Majesty to boot.

We don't think much of President Hayes—nobody does—but still the office is a great one. Victoria has a softer thing of it, and is even less competent for the position. If Great Britain wants a female constitutional monarch, it can find a hundred thousand women better bred, better looking, with better brains, better educated, who would prove in every way a much greater ornament to the throne than the present Queen.

So much for "Indignant Englishman" and his deity Victoria, of whom he evidently thinks a great deal more than the welfare of the great British Empire and its people. What person may happen to be drawing the salary as monarch is, in PUCK's opinion, a matter of very small moment so long as he conducts himself decently.

Then we have another gentleman, who calls himself Frank I. Ward, and gives his address at 120 Broadway. Mr. Frank I. Ward we should judge to be a very young man, whose weakness is a tendency to use stronger language than the occasion requires. "Fool," "trash," "d—d fool," "ass," "rubbish," "nonsense," "for God's sake," and such expressions, are carefully distributed throughout his elegant epistle, which closes with the rather axiomatic statement that "it is one thing to be a d—d fool, and quite another to be a humorist."

We appreciate Mr. Ward's efforts to be a humorist, and are glad to see that he is fully aware of his shortcomings.

This gentleman did not like an article in PUCK of the week before last; nor is he a friend of the Honorable F. Fitznoodle, in whose experiences he cannot see any fun. It is just possible this is not Mr. Fitznoodle's fault. However, Mr. Ward's letter has been referred to the Committee on Fitznoodle, and will probably ultimately reach the hands of that bloated aristocrat, who will deal with it in a proper manner.

If "Indignant Englishman," and Mr. Frank I. Ward, who don't like our articles, and two or three correspondents who object to our cartoons, will club together, they will be able to arrange with us to publish a private edition of PUCK for their especial delectation, in which nothing shall appear that is not up to the standard of what seems to us their somewhat fastidious taste.

## THAT CANADIAN "COURT."

The Royal Bull-Beef-eater will blow his nose at sunrise. At this signal the 3d deputy assistant maid of honor of the scullery will descend to the kitchen and light the vice-regal fire, without kerosene.

As soon as the fire draws the Royal Pursuivant-at-Arms will seize his tabard between the thumb and forefinger of his dexter hand, and sound a blast upon his bugle.

At this signal the vice-regal Household will arise.

It is little bulletins like these, oozing out of the Government House gossip, that fire the Canadian heart. This seems something like Royalty among them, and when they get into full training and get used to the ways of Courts, they feel that they will make Lorne even "a bigger man than old Vic." The amount of early rising and late retiring among the spouses of eminent cheesemongers and lumbermen, in order to snatch a few hours for the practice of marching backwards from "the presence," is surprising. And the Canadian mind recalls with pride that even in the autocratic days of Grant no manifesto was ever issued to American ladies as to how much of their naked skin they were compelled to show at the White House receptions.

Some little breeze was created among a few malcontents at the "low-neck" order; and Lorne foolishly tried to crawfish out of it by saying that, owing to the severity of the climate, he desired the ladies to wear bear-skins. But this is too gauzy, and is not generally believed. Lorne's dancing has been uniformly commended; as it is considered that on arriving in a country which needs all his fostering care, a new Governor General cannot better show his realization of the responsibility of his position than by dancing a jig. A deputation is spoken of to visit the United States and suggesting a XVII. Amendment to our Constitution: providing that newly elected Presidents shall make no inaugural speech, but shall dance a descriptive breakdown in front of the Capitol.

The fact is, Canada is so puffed up with her vice-royalty that she is slopping over upon our borders; and if we don't look out she will annex us. To be sure, all these vice-regal luxuries cost money, and the exchequer of the Dominion is very low. Funds are to be raised in many ways, however. Among them the following tariff has been adopted:

|   |        |
|---|--------|
| For looking at Lorne in his carriage..... | \$0.25 |
| " " " " a room.....                       | 0.50   |
| " shaking hands with Lorne.....           | 1.00   |
| " talking to Lorne and being answered.... | 5.00   |

N.B.—Same privileges from the Princess double the above rates.

Even with these and other efforts to "raise the wind," the thoughtful Canadian begins to think that Courts cost money, and—there is thunder in the air!

## WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.

**A**ND in these days the careful housewife layeth the foundation for a monumental mince-pie. And she selecteth a jar, and setteth it on one side, and therein she casteth to-day a bit of this thing, and to-morrow a bit of that thing, and on the third day a bit of the other thing; being such toothsome and wholly desirable pieces of things edible as are rejected of the domestic economy. And likewise doeth also the small-boy; for he casteth into the pot one boot-heel, and two marbles, and a piece of string, and the reversion of his chewing-gum, and other ungodliness. And on Christmas day that boy will not eat of the mince-pie; but will confine himself to ice-cream and plum-pudding. But this device shall avail him naught; yea, verily, the woodshed and the shingle shall be that boy's portion.

Also at this period is there one youth who careth little whether Christmas keepeth or not; and who regardeth the usage of calling upon the young maidens of the land, upon the first day of the year, as a vanity and an emptiness. For to him is now but one thing held dear and precious; namely, that his grave be kept as green as the season permitteth. For he is the youth who rejoiced in his own fool-hardiness, and who was warned not by the falling of the leaf and the averted faces of men; but persisted in his iniquity and would not cease. And the people rose and fell upon that youth, and slew him; and now he singeth "My Grandfather's Clock" to the coffin-lid that answereth not, and the little small red worm that hath no ear for concord of sweet sounds.

Now moreover the time hath arrived when the young man of economical instincts seeketh out the Dollar-store and entereth therein, and inquireth privily the price of Bohemian glass toilette sets such, as are beloved of young and comely maidens. And he listeneth with avidity to the Hebrew vendor who goeth about to assure him that it is genuine Bohemian glass, and fashioned in Bohemia, after the old Bohemian receipt. And even as he hearkeneth he is stricken with confusion like unto a hurricane, and would fain sink through the floor of that dollar-store even into the bowels of the earth. For he heareth the voice of his beloved; yea, even of her for whose sake he would have purchased the Bohemian atrocity. And she standeth by his side and she seeth him not. But she leaneth over the counter, and she whispereth unto the child of Israel: "How many sets of coral studs dost thou give for one dollar?" And the young man pulleth up the collar of his ulster and departeth.

Now also cometh the man who hath a small bond to file, and he goeth unto the county Court-house, and he fileth it in due form. And when this is done, he tendereth unto the gentlemanly clerk the sum of thirty-seven and one-half cents, legal money of the land, being the sum allowed by the law for a just fee. And the gentlemanly clerk aforesaid regardeth steadfastly those thirty-seven and a-half cents; and demandeth scornfully: "What is this?" And the citizen maketh answer: "It is thy fee: but if so be that it do not please thee, take even unto the sum of thirty-eight cents, and hang thou on to the change; to have and to hold for thine own, thine heirs and assigns forever." And the gentlemanly clerk respondeth calmly: "Lo, now, eleven dollars and seventy-five cents is my fee; and the fee that the law alloweth thou mayest retain thyself and depart unto Hades therewith. For do not the running expenses of this office include my cocktails and my regalias and my eighteen-button gloves, and likewise that which weareth the eighteen-button gloves? Thinkest thou that I went into politics for nothing, or playest thou me for a sucker?" And he rakketh in the \$11.75.

## A DOUBLE NEGATIVE.

| I.<br>HE.          | II.<br>SHE.      |
|--------------------|------------------|
| " Ten years        | " Ten years      |
| Ago                | Ago,             |
| With tears         | With tears,      |
| You said,          | I said,          |
| " Dear Ned,        | " Dear Ned,      |
| No! no!"           | No! no!"         |
| I fled—            | You fled,        |
| Heart dead,        | Dear Ned,        |
| You know.          | Mon beau!        |
| And Jessie, you?—  | How foolish you! |
| You would          | Could not        |
| Not wed—           | You press?       |
| You could,         | Could not        |
| 'Tis said;         | You guess        |
| I could have, too, | Negatives two,   |
| But tears          | With tears,      |
| Were shed,         | Meant 'Yes'!     |
| Ten years          | Ten years        |
| Ago."              | Ago?"            |
| JAMES R. CAMPBELL. |                  |

## SMILEY'S ICE MAN.

LAST Monday evening Mrs. Smiley remarked to Mr. S., while that poor man was endeavoring to enjoy his after-dinner cigar, that she thought they could get along without ice for the rest of the year, as the weather had set in cold, and what with the cracks and crevices and shrunken sashes which the mean old landlord was too stingy to repair, the house wasn't much better than a big refrigerator anyhow, and the furnace was so broken down and useless that she was afraid of her life to open the registers for fear the draft of air would be the death of the poor, dear children, and Matilda was complaining of a sore throat already, and if Mr. Smiley had any consideration for the blessed little angels, which he hadn't, he'd move out of the old barn that very day; and what if the rent was very low, and times was very hard, she always did say that cheap things never was bargains, nohow—Here Mr. Smiley, who had discovered, after years of experience, that when his wife waxed ungrammatical her breath was about exhausted, but who was too affectionate a husband, and too cautious a man to enter into argument with her, simply nodded his head, and taking a business card from his pocket wrote on the blank side, in goodly sized letters, "No More Ice." This he tacked on the basement door, where the ice man would be sure to see it when he came his rounds in the morning.

When Smiley went out before breakfast the next day to take in the morning paper, he found a large chunk of ice in the usual shady corner by the basement door. He turned to see whether some mischievous urchin had not removed the card of instructions—but no; it was in its place, and had not been tampered with.

"The card is too small; he did not notice it," mused Smiley; "I will prepare a larger one." So he took the cover of an old pasteboard box, printed thereon in very large letters the words "NO MORE ICE," and hung the huge placard where the smaller card had been.

When Mr. Smiley found another lump of ice at his door the next morning, his usually serene temper was slightly ruffled, and he played battle-dore and shuttlecock with red-hot words in a way that would have set Kearney wild with envy. The air grew so warm that the ice began to melt rapidly—when suddenly a thought marked itself on Smiley's mobile features and he was calm again.

"How stupid of me," he muttered, "how stupid of me not to have thought of that before! Of course the man can't see that in the dark,

and he comes around an hour or two before the sun is up, poor fellow," and he almost wept as he thought of the fearful deaths and eternal tortures to which, in his unrighteous rage, he had consigned that innocent man. Then into the house he shot, as if impelled by a Texan steer, down the cellar-stairs in two jumps, and pulled out from a heap of rubbish the very thing he wanted. It was a transparency about six feet square, which during Mr. S.'s late unsuccessful political campaign had graced the outer walls of the headquarters of the "Smiley Campaign Club" on the avenue. On its front was painted, with elaborate scrolling and underlining:

COMBINATION NOMINATION.  
*Vox Populi, Nux Vomica.*  
For Alderman, Thirty-first District,  
ELIJAH T. SMILEY.

Inasmuch as Mr. Smiley had footed the bill for this, as for everything else the members required, liquid refreshments included, the officers of the club, with a scrupulous honesty they had not exhibited in other particulars, resolved that he was in all justice entitled to the canvas-covered framework, and, with a feigned earnestness that made the sarcasm more cruelly cutting, conveyed it to him in solemn procession the morning after the election.

He had kicked the committee, metaphorically, out of the house, and the unpleasant reminder of his folly, literally, down the cellar-stairs—but now it was to be his good angel, and help him in the hour of sore vexation.

He tore the mocking words from the framework, and, in less than half-an-hour, had stretched fresh canvas on which he painted in great, black, emphatic letters:

## "NO MORE ICE."

About ten o'clock at night, Smiley lit the three candles which he had placed in their respective sockets, carried the entire arrangement out and set it up against the front wall of the house, between the basement windows.

It lit the area with a lurid light, and shone with startling vividness through the thick darkness. The ice-man could not escape noticing it as soon as he came within half a mile of the house.

Then Smiley went to bed and slept as comfortably as could be expected of a 5 ft. 10 man in a 5 ft. 2 bed. When he awoke the next morning the three candles were exhausting themselves in vain rivalry of the risen sun, and—the chunk of ice was in its usual place.

Then Smiley got mad.

He went for that canvas and through it with a vim and earnestness that had been lacking in the canvass of which it was the unpleasant reminiscence. He "knocked the stuffings out of it," as the boy said of the Thanksgiving turkey, and when he had reduced it to a tangled tattered mass he turned his attention to the innocent cause of all the trouble. He kicked that lump of ice around the area, till his toes came through his shoes. He jumped on it; he sat on it. He executed a war-dance around it! He took it up in his arms, and slung it into the middle of the street, where it burst into a thousand fragments.

Then he shook hands with himself, went inside, stretched himself upon the dining-room sofa, and matured a plan which would effectively convey to the obstinate ice-man his desires in reference to any further supply.

There was a large pile of brick in the back yard. How it came there was a mystery, for that there had been any repairs effected in the house was a suspicion too wild and Utopian to be for a moment entertained. But that's neither here nor there.

Smiley carried the brick, armful by armful, to the front of the house, and with a couple of pails of mortar kindly contributed by workmen

on neighboring new buildings, soon had constructed a wall six feet high, which ran diagonally across the area, and completely cut off all access to the basement-door, or to the shady spot where the lump of ice was invariably deposited. To this wall Smiley gave several coats of kalsomine, and then painted in letters three feet high, the now monotonous legend:

## "NO MORE ICE."

To make assurance doubly sure, Smiley borrowed of a neighbor a calcium light with double reflectors, and before he retired for the night he turned these straight on the wall. The painted words stood out as prominent and plain as the freckles on a red-headed girl.

There was a certain severe positiveness about the very form of the letters that was calculated to impress and awe; but, besides this, the wall promised complete confusion to the vendor of congealed coldness, unless he should prove as invulnerable as he was irrepressible.

Smiley went to bed, slept, and woke with a smile of assured triumph playing about his lips. Dressing himself, he chuckled as he pictured the complete discomfiture of the ice-fiend when he found his ingress so effectually blockaded. He could not repress a guffaw of self-satisfaction as he ran down stairs and opened the door, to glory at sight of the field of victory. Ha! ha! ha!—ooh!

With a groan that spoke volumes of condensed anguish, he sank into a heap at sight of what he saw!

The wall had been taken down, brick by brick, and thrown to one side, and within the ruins, in its accustomed place, nestled a more than usually large chunk of ice!

They carried Smiley's limpid form into the house. At first they thought him dead. It looked as if the shock had been too much for him. The usual restoratives failed to revive him.

Then some one suggested that they place a lump of ice on his forehead.

They tried it.

In the infinitesimal part of a second he was sitting up in bed, and a hole in the window showed where the lump of ice had gone through.

\* \* \*  
That evening Mr. Smiley, explaining that his head ached, put on his coat and hat, and went out for a stroll in the cool air.

\* \* \*  
Among the local items in next morning's paper many a man read this, and winked to his wife:  
"A fire was discovered in the store-house of the Niggerbucker Ice Co. about ten o'clock last evening. By the time the engines reached the spot the flames had gained full headway, and the firemen turned their attention to saving the neighboring buildings. The ice-house and contents were completely destroyed. Damage, about \$40,000. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary."

MAURICE W. BENJAMIN.

PUCK, the New York comic magazine, continues to grow in favor. Its cartoons on the fashions, foibles, crimes and events of the day are the best produced by any periodical extant. They are always fresh and to the point. Its "Puckerings" and humorous sketches are irresistible.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Approval from our Eternal City contemporary is praise indeed; but calling us a comic magazine is more than we expected. We didn't put ourselves on a par with the *Nineteenth Century* and the *North American Review*. Perhaps, after all, we do deserve the title without being aware of it; and who knows that, in the course of human events, our weekly issue may be styled the *American Encyclopaedia*!

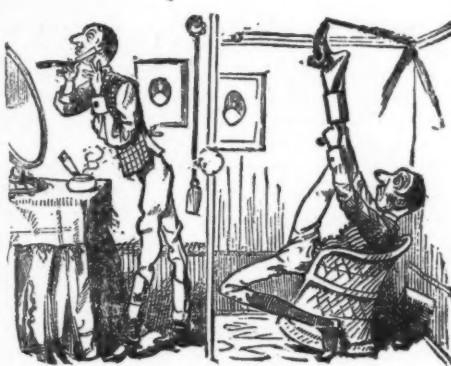
## HE LAUGHS WHO WINS—A LEAP FOR LOVE;

— OR, —

## SHE WOULD HAVE A HORSEMAN.



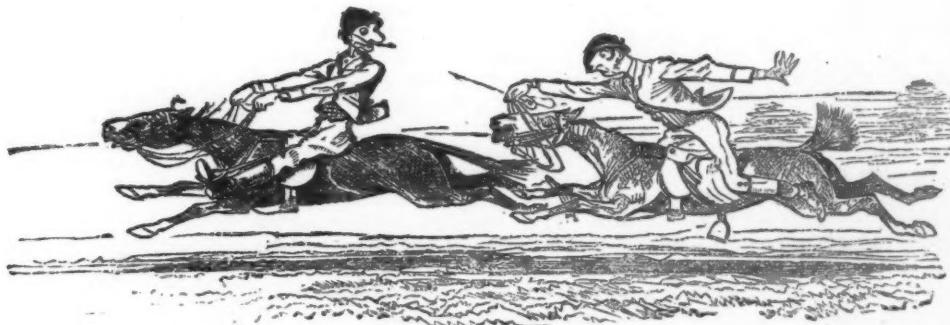
The Heroine.

Suspicion dawns on the Heroes  
that they are bound on the  
same errand."You must decide by contest. I must  
have a horseman."They depart, each confident of his sup  
riority over the other.

They prepare for the struggle.



En route to the course.



"They're off!" The run.



The leap.



Carrying off the prize.

## PORK.

PERHAPS this little cube so smooth and white,  
Like polished ivory, used to gaily dwell  
Upon some queenly, shy and spirituelle  
Diana-like creature who would cause delight  
To thrill her fond "Sir Romeo," and, at night,  
His visions gild with sunshine. Who can tell  
But that you belonged unto some pensive L.  
E. L. of chaste poetical appetite?

Perchance you've rubbed against some flower-bell  
In some bright garden's solitudes of musk,  
Where humming-bird his iris plumage preens.  
But, anyhow, wan pound, I know full well,  
When Artemis dispels the dreamful dusk,  
You'll slyly peep from a dish of gold-brown beans.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## POET AND PLAGIARIST.

We have received the exquisite poetical gem which we print below from Mr. Bloodgood H. Cutter, the only original "Long Island Farmer."

Mr. Cutter is popularly known as the "Star of the East," "the Minstrel of the Sound," and the only rival of the Sweet Singer of Michigan. Poetically speaking, he holds up this end of the continent against his fair colleague of the far west.

Some of his admirers even claim for Mr. Cutter a certain superiority in sympathetic choice of themes and subtle handling of delicate subjects, to the grand genius who illuminates the occidental horizon like an aurora borealis gone astray. But while we do not care to argue this question, we cannot conceal the gratification we feel in presenting to our readers a poem so pregnant with undefinable spiritual beauties; so replete with pensive pathos; so exquisitely in accord with the canons of modern realistic art.

But we are sorry to say that Mr. Cutter's communication met with some mishap while en route to this office. Whether the fault lies with the New York post-office, or whether the letter was diverted from its proper course by some supernatural agency—perhaps by the muses themselves, jealous of a mortal's supremacy—we do not know. We are certain, however, that Mr. Cutter's epistle was opened before it reached us, a base and spiritless copy of his beautiful poem inserted, and both the original and the copy forwarded to us.

This is the genuine poem:

## LONG ISLAND FARMER TO THE ROBBER OF STEWARTS TOMB.

Beware you sacriligious wretch  
And back again that body fetch  
Then place it in its burial case  
And leave it in its resting place

If you do not you'll punished be  
Perhaps throughout eternity  
What then will the old Devil do  
But settle the account with you

He'll raise you on his three prong fork  
And roast you like a piece of pork  
Then after you are roasted well  
He'll pitch you headlong into hell

When all these torments you do feel  
No more dead bodies you will steal  
You'll cry out then that you've done wrong  
And pray for cold water on your tongue

Take heed take heed, to this in time  
And try to undo this dreadful crime  
By returning it to the ground  
Or to tell where it may be found

BLOODGOOD H. CUTTER.

And here is the counterfeit. It is written in almost exact fac-simile of Mr. Cutter's chirography, and we own that it is, perhaps, calculated to deceive the unpoetic and popular eye; but it has merely the outward and visible form of the poet's inward and spiritual grace.

## LONG ISLAND FARMER ON THE ROBBERY OF STEWARTS TOMB.

Who would have thought 'mong human kind  
Men would be found so base in mind  
That from the grave a body steal  
And no repugnance to it feel

They must be almost imps from hell  
To take purity with its smell  
And then to hide the same away  
For the sake of th reward or pay

What will not some for money do  
They'll steal, they'll burn and murder too  
Who would have thought in Stewarts case  
Americans could be found so base

To go and steal his putrid bones  
And hide them away like precious stones  
It seemed t, astonish ev'ry one  
When they did hear that this was done

Tho. this has of times been the fate  
Of bodies of the rich or great  
Even Cheops was taken from the tomb  
Or th Great Pyramids dark room

The Tomb of the Kings is empty too  
At Jerusalem I did them view  
Others in Egypt I could name  
I found empty there the same

Those bodies stowed away with care  
Have been taken away here, and there  
The embalmed in Museums do go  
And others bones th Doctors show

BLOODGOOD H. CUTTER. Little Neck, L. I.

Still, to imitate Mr. Bloodgood at all is to achieve a notable literary triumph, and we are at a loss to know who has perpetrated so intelligent a fraud—unless, indeed, it emanates from the office of our esteemed contemporary, the *World*, one of whose young poets, spurred to desperation by galling envy, may possibly have committed the desperate deed.

We warn the criminal, however, that he need never attempt to deceive us by any weak reproduction of Mr. Cutter's poetical feats. In a literary sense, we have got Cutter down fine, and we will not consent to see any unscrupulous persons put up this species of job upon the Little Neck, L. I., muse.

From Mr. Cutter himself, however, we shall always be glad to hear whenever the spirit moves him poetwise.

## MRS. BRIDGET MALONEY HONORED.

AT a meeting held at the residence of Mrs. Maggie McCabe, in the rear of 469½ Roosevelt Street, the well-known blanchisseur, Mrs. Molly Carney, occupied the chair.

She said the meeting was called to testify to the honor and esteem in which Mrs. Bridget Maloney was held. On the seventeenth of the present month that lady would complete her fiftieth anniversary round that circle of civilization—the wash-tub. [Hear! hear!] She said circle of civilization advisedly. Civilization was nothing without cleanliness, and where was cleanliness without the wash-tub? [Tumultuous applause.]

Mrs. Honora McCarthy contributed a glowing eulogy on Mrs. Maloney, a lady who was loved and revered in the profession, and who was never known to take a cent for the loan of a shirt, skirt or dress belonging to one of her customers. [Wild enthusiasm.] She was always ready to oblige; whether it was a wake or a wedding, it was all the same. Such sterling worth should not go unrecognized. [Cheers.]

Mrs. Catharine O'Sullivan wanted to know why Mrs. Maloney should be honored more than anybody else. [Great confusion.] She supposed she got paid for her work when she did it, and if she didn't do it properly she wouldn't be hired any more. [Groans.] As for herself, she had always done her duty, and was the mother of nine children—with one at the breast and two in Calvary—and objected to such "palavering nonsense." [Sensation

and cries of "Turn her out," during which the speaker was hustled out of the room.]

The Chair was of the opinion that Mrs. O'Sullivan was the emissary of some rival clique, and ought to be ashamed of herself. She would, however, call upon Mrs. Bridget Maloney for a few remarks.

Mrs. Maloney, who was almost overcome with—say emotion, rose, and steadyng herself and agitation by the aid of the table, said that for fifty years she had been a member of that noble sisterhood—the washerwomen. It was not for the "likes" of her to praise herself, but this she would say—she had never, during the whole course of her career, used javel-water or chloride of lime. [An ominous buzz of dissatisfaction was heard, which somewhat disconcerted Mrs. Maloney.] But, and she said it with pride, she had never sent home a pair of drawers or a shirt with a single button on them. [Great cheering and three times three for Mrs. Maloney.]

A resolution was then presented and carried unanimously, that all present—each carrying a small "dhrop" in her pocket—should proceed to Mrs. Maloney's house in a body on the seventeenth of this month, and do her week's washing and ironing, as a mark of esteem and respect for their co-worker in suds and laborer in the cause of cleanliness and civilization.

The meeting then adjourned.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

## No. LXVIII.

## HE RECEIVES ANOTHER LETTER.

Ya-as, ye know, I was going to descwibe the pwoess I was aw making with the Amerwican young gyurl, who, by Jove, is quite interwesting to talk to.



But Jack Carnegie, who wather likes me to wite my experwiences, handed me at bweakfast, the othah morning, an extraordinarwy Amerwican lettah, witten, I suppose, by some young fellow who is terribly deficient in wepose and the necessarwy bwains to give pwopah tweatment to the subject he addwesses me or some othah fellow about. His aw name is Fwank Wader, and he wesides at one hundred and twenty Bwoodway Street.

Mr. Fwank Wood, Jack tells me, for I couldn't wead the lettah all thwough—too much of a baw, ye know—wathah objects to my pwersence in this countwy. Aw I'm not surpvised at this—there always is a pwejudice against weil-bwed Englishmen of good family by some half-bwed Amerwicans of no family at all, whose pwincipial amusement is using verwy vulgah language, chewing beastly tobacco, and wearwing a gweat deal of stiff shirt-fwont with spirwal studs instead of the weular Bwitissh arwangements.

Mr. Fwank Woad, although pwesumably an Amerwican, is not fond of fwedom of speech, and, Jack says, is so tyrrannical that he wants to pwevent my expwessing my opinions of the flichtful shortcomings in this awfully pwimitive countwy; and yet Mr. Fwank Weed sings a patwiotic song, I suppose; something about the land of the fwee and the bwave.

If Mr. Fwank Wide evah takes a twip to Gweat Bwitain he will find that the authorwities will let him say what he pleases. He ought to go; it would impwove his tone and style of lettah-witing. I'll tell Jack to say to Mr. Fwank Wade—ta! ta! awfully ta! ta!

Aw, by the way, I suppose his name is Fwank, and Fwank is his nick appellation aw.

### THE PLEASURES OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

**H**E came into the studio with his wife on his arm, expectorated, and informed the artist that he wished to be "taken."

"Naathin' fancy," he explained, "jess some-  
thin' plain an' quiet, to show the folks at home.  
I allow you kin get our measure, eh?"

The artist thought he could.

"How long 'll it take?" he inquired.  
"Reckon an hour 'll fetch it, eh?"

He was informed that ten minutes' exposure  
would be amply sufficient.

He looked grave.

"I didn't calculate," he said, "on no particular exposure. There ain't naathin' off-colored about this business, is there? Ye see, I've been onst to the theaytersence I come here, an' I don't want to risk my hold on grace by no unnecessary indulgence in vanities. This is a city of sin, ye know; an' I ain't goin' to let Satan get the pull on Isr'el Pettenhooper. I'm a deacon in the Smithville Corners Brick Church, 'n' I guess I know on which side the bread of salvation's buttered."

Mr. Pettenhooper was informed that it was not he but the plate that required exposure; at which Mrs. Pettenhooper expressed herself much relieved.

Then Mrs. P. proceeded to disembarass herself of her bonnet, which she did with some reluctance. The bonnet had evidently been in Mrs. Pettenhooper's family a long time, and probably dated from somewhere about the era of the French Revolution; for Pettenhooper's umbrella, an obvious octogenarian, was apparently some years the bonnet's junior.

While this operation was going on, Mr. Pettenhooper drew the artist aside, and unbosomed himself in a corner.

"I want you to understand," he began, "jess what my idee is. My wife 'n' me, we don't want naathin' fancy, ez I said. We're plain people, 'n' jess about ez godly ez they run at Smithville Corners. So you see we want to git somethin' subdooed an' kinder appropriat. We don't want no such things ez them I see down-stairs—them in tights an' spangles, 'n' other unholiness. Mebbe," he went on meditatively, "mebbe I might want to come back, alone by myself, puusonally, for somethin' in that line. I presume you wouldn't tax me too high ef I was to take a shine to a picture in tights? I s'pose it's the fashionable keerd?"

Then, after reflecting a moment, and probably trying to raise the picture before his mind's eye, he added, with much animation:

"Don't ye say naathin' to the ole woman, though. She ain't got no sympathy with worldly idees. But gaul ding it, I say, a man's got to hev his fling some time ruther, ain't he?"

By this time Mrs. Pettenhooper was ready for the camera, and active operations were commenced.

Considerable difficulty attended the artist's efforts to "brace up" his sitter with the iron frame peculiar to photographers and the Spanish Inquisition. Mrs. Pettenhooper resented the intrusion of an iron thumb in the small of her back, and stigmatized the instrument as "immodest."

However, ten minutes of artistic agony produced a ferreotype of the deaconess.

Then the trouble began.

The artist came out of the dark-room, smiling and cheerful, with the plate in his hand. He showed it to Mrs. Pettenhooper. She asked in chilling tones:

"Who is it?"

This was a wet-blanket on the artist's professional enthusiasm. But he had no cause to complain of frigid moisture, for he found himself in hot water inside of two minutes.

"Do you mean to say," was the indignant

query of Mrs. Pettenhooper, "that I look like that? That thing? Why, 'tain't no more like



me than 'tis like you. I don't believe you've took me at all. I believe, I'm a Christch'n woman, that you've taken some of them bare-faced creatures I see down in the show-case at the door, instead of me. That me! An' you call yourself a photographer. I don't see how you've got the cheek to look me in the face, after libelin' it like that!"

"I don't see but what it kinder fetches you, Mari," interposed Mr. Pettenhooper.

"You don't? Pettenhooper, do you mean to tell me that that thing resembles the gal you used to sit on the fence with and make love to?"

"Waal," responded her spouse, reflectively, "come to think on it, I don't b'lieve it does."

But he added, in a confidential aside to the photographer: "No, sir, that ain't the sort of thing I used to sit on the fence with, you bet. But the ole woman ain't held on to her youth like—like I hev."

"I might touch it up to make it look more like you," suggested the bulldozed artist.

"You might!" was the reply he got from his sitter.

And he did. He took it into the dark-room and touched it up. The result was a shade more satisfactory; but still Mrs. Pettenhooper refused to recognize her lineaments. She admitted, however, that it looked something like her grandmother; and the artist, somewhat encouraged, went away and touched it up again. The fourth touching-up proved satisfactory to Mrs. Pettenhooper, and she acknowledged that he had "somehow kinder caught the likeness," and added that photography was a wonderful art.

This is the picture, after the fourth retouching:



Pettenhooper took his turn next, and when he got his ferreotype he wanted to fight.

"What do you call that blame machine?" he yelled.

"That's a camera," said the trembling artist. "Camera, is it? Well, that there camera is a burnin', infidel, iniquitous, unreliable, one-horse slanderer. What do ye call a thing like that?" he thundered, turning to his wife.



Mrs. Pettenhooper beamed with delight.

"Why, if 'tain't 's like you ez one pea is to another! Pettenhooper, I'd know you anywhere from this."

"Oh, you would, would ye! Mrs. Pettenhooper, if ye ever go to identifyin' me with that picture, I'll let a divorce court loose on ye. I'll go on a square old Talmage tear, I will, by gum!"

"Perhaps I'd better touch it up," suggested the photographer.

"No, sir, I don't want no touchin' up. Give me my umbrella and lemme go away from this den of sin and iniquity."

But he was told that ferreotypes always looked that way at first, owing to the iron in their composition, and he finally consented to wait.

It took six touchings up to bring Pettenhooper's portrait up to his ideal of manly beauty; but he was finally satisfied, though Mrs. Pettenhooper remarked that he was awful vain for a man of his age and a deacon in the church, and that the last picture was a piece of brazen flattery. Here it is:



Pettenhooper did not view it in that light, and he left the studio with a smile on his face, and the ferreotypes in his pocket.

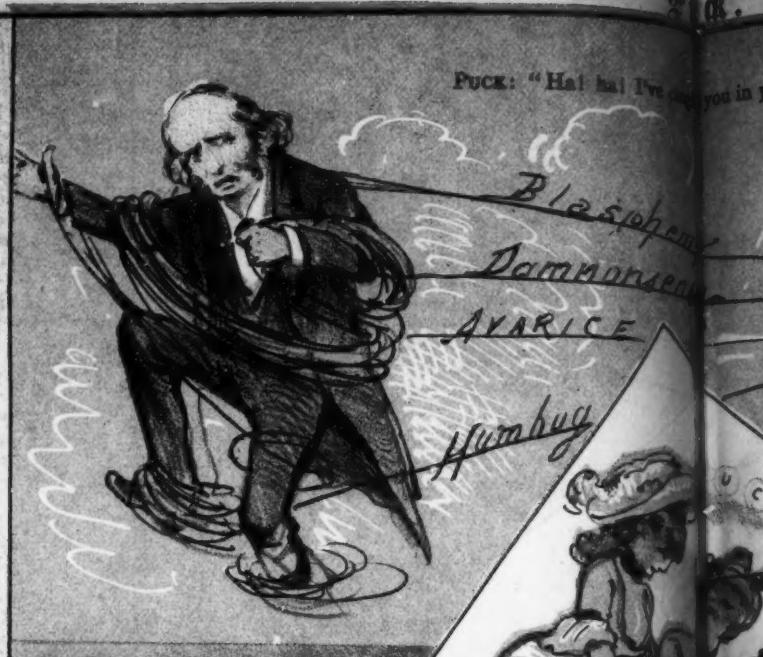
And as he passed out he whispered in the artist's ear:

"Mebbe I will come back, some mornin' when the ole woman's out shoppin', an' try a pictur with tights and spangles. A man's got to hev some swing, ef he is a deacon in the church."

We have no objection to the *Evening Telegram* taking items from us without acknowledgment—we are used to it; but it grieves us sorely when it gives credit to the *Railroad News* for what originally appeared in our columns. We refer to the great ceremony necessary to get off a train in Germany. The paragraph which has been copied by nearly every newspaper in the Union is PUCK's own.



"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye; but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"—St. Luke vi., 41.



PUCK: "Now, Brother Talmage, I'm going to stick my nose into it."



scanto everything, as you do. How do you like it yourself?"

PUCK'S  
ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11, 1878.

## SENATE.

## Scarcity of Republican votes down South.

Senator Blaine, in the presence of a very swell audience, having run his hands through his hair, cleared his throat and assumed the latest thing in academic postures, now drew out several galley-proofs of his speech. He said he liked bygones to be bygones, but, at the same time, he wanted to show that Southern Democrats were a very bad lot, and wouldn't allow the colored men and brothers to vote as they pleased. This United States of America was a Republic, therefore everybody in it ought to be a Republican and vote the Republican ticket, as by so doing he (Mr. Blaine) would stand a pretty good chance of becoming President one of these fine days—indeed it might be in 1880. Negroes were naturally Republicans; their fathers were so before them. So were their grandfathers and grandmothers, and their ancestors thousands of years ago, and long before they ever thought of leaving Africa. Every negro was born with a Republican ticket stenciled on the small of his back.

The Republican party had now been some seventeen or eighteen years in power, and he warned it that unless it prevented the negro from voting the Democratic ticket, it mightn't get such another long lease of life; and then his (Blaine's) chances of being President would be slim. This sort of thing wanted careful looking after, and Congress would confer a personal favor on him by doing so.

December 14th.

## Electoral Bill.

Senator Edmunds thought he'd like to hear what the other Senators had to say about his Electoral bill for abolishing "fraudulent Presidents."

Senator Bayard said, a man who liked peace and quietness was a patriot; a man who didn't, wasn't. This bill would make patriots.

Senator Hill was of opinion that the present law was all right, but the partisans who broke it were all wrong.

Thirty-five Senators thought the bill a good one. Twenty-six were of the opposite opinion.

## HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The only good work done here during the week was the resolution passed to investigate that eccentric and conscientious young gentleman, Mr. John I. Davenport.

## RESPECTFULLY REFERRED TO H. HILTON.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 13, 1878.

## To the Editor of PUCK:

Sir—I bought two pounds of Limburger Cheese yesterday; and from the smell, I am positive it contains some of ATS. Please inform me in next issue how much of that \$50,000 reward I can claim.

Yours truly, H. B.

## PUCK DOES HIS DUTY.

**W**HOMO was it said "Man must love something"? No matter. It is self-evident that our beloved Bro. Talmage loves dirt. He apparently swallows it all the week, and spews it out over his congregation on Sunday.

And so long as His Reverence does this, so long does it appear to be Puck's duty to sprinkle over this mass of filth, and morally deodorize it, as it were, with the carbolic acid of fun and ridicule.

So, as we have never yet failed in doing our duty and our whole duty, so long as Bro. Talmage dumps his dirt into the social arena, PUCK will take the harm out of it, as far as this is possible, by covering it over many feet deep with ridicule.

One of the most remarkable phases in the character of the sharkish Talmage—if he may be said to have any character—is that he leaves undone those things which he ought to do, and does those things which he ought not to do; also, that he usually talks the longest and the most elaborately about things of which he knows absolutely nothing.

Witness his late onslaught upon club-life. Now his description of the Buckingham Palace was very fair; because he knows how it is himself. He has been there. But when he speaks of clubs where resort the gentlemen, the men who give weight and character to the metropolis and the nation, he is as much at fault as a Texan mule trying to describe the glories of the Parthenon; and the result is merely noise—"he-haw!"

Bro. Talmage never seems to think of saying to his people, "Be comforted!" He only can howl, "Beware!" Hence these pictures of life after dark, which he has a mania for exhibiting, and many of which he published in book form half-a-dozen years ago.

But there are subjects of sin and crime which the Brooklyn flibbertigibbet might handle successfully. He might take himself, turn himself inside out, bring a calcium-light to bear upon himself, and show himself up for a few consecutive Sundays. It would be nastier, no doubt, nastier than anything he has yet cast up to us; but it would be sensational, and would draw.

Another investigation might also be made of the accounts of the Tabernacle, of the money received, the money expended, and as to how subscriptions are collected and paid.

A first-class accountant, having *carte blanche* to go thoroughly into the finances of the Tabernacle, would doubtless stir up a stench that even Talmage would recoil from.

We do not profess to be the advisers of Bro. Talmage; but in thinking of him we are reminded of an old saint who became canonized in a queer way. This individual, who lived in the thirteenth century, had the gift of gab, and talked too much with his mouth. The Superior of the Brotherhood used to tell him to wipe off his chin, &c, but he wouldn't wipe. So at last, as an act of penance, the Superior bade him hold the bung of a wine-cask in his mouth until further notice. He obeyed, and retained the half-swallowed bung between his teeth until it took root and grew there.

Whence his canonization.

Will Bro. Talmage go and do likewise—and give us a rest?

We greatly regret that by some unexplained accident the "Revised Cook-book," reprinted in "Puck's Exchanges" a week or two ago, was not credited to Mr. Claude de Haven, in Yonkers Gazette, thereby doing a serious wrong to one of our most esteemed exchanges, and to a very clever humorist-at-large and valued contributor to PUCK.

## THE THEATRES.



"Almost a Life" seems likely to run for that period at the STANDARD.

"My Son" is still the bill at WALLACK'S; but there are horrible rumors of American drama on the affrighted air.

There seems to be a dearth of dizzy blondes in New York this season. Why doesn't Henry Irving come to America?

Why couldn't Bronson Howard have had anything to do with the "Golden Calf"? 'Cos Aaron had something to do with it three thousand years ago.

Booth's is handed over to "Evangeline," that attractive maiden having been remodeled for the one hundred and ninety-ninth time. But the *Lone Fisherman* we have always with us.

Crane still Robsonizes at the PARK; but next week the Colville Folly Company have the boards. The Colville Folly Company does not hail from the late Folly Theatre, corner of Greenwich Avenue and 12th Street.

Mr. Barney Macaulay's six feet of muscular genius have made a hit at the BROADWAY; and that fearfully and wonderfully constructed play, "A Messenger from Jarvis Section," couldn't go better if the mythic "Pettingill" had "made it."

The rumor that Miss Kate Claxton intends squaring the circle arises solely from the fact that she has made the LVCEUM pay, which has lead to a belief that she possesses a characteristic hitherto associated only with Faith—namely, that all things are possible unto her.

At the GLOBE, Mr. W. E. Barnes's production, entitled "Only a Farmer's Daughter," is so well acted as to delude the public into the belief that it is a play. Miss Laura Don, clever and pretty as ever, has grabbed a large majority of the laurels, as is her custom wherever she goes.

Jefferson is at the FIFTH AVENUE, extending his benediction: "Here's to your health, and to the health of your family, and may you all live long and proper," to large holiday audiences, including the five clergymen, of assorted denominations, whom Messrs. Fiske and Harbins keep constantly on hand.

## Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She is making you a present of cowslips on a needle.

JESSE HENLY.—Your "Ghost-scene from Hamlet" has gone to join the original ghost. Will you kindly look up in the north-west corner of the second page of this paper and notice the rule to which in future we can make no exceptions—the rule which rears its gory head over a million wrecked manuscripts like yours. Mr. Henly, we regret it as much as you can, but we greatly fear that your MS. has gone over to the majority some time ago.

## A ROMANCE OVER WHITEBAIT.

MRS. ADOLPHE SMITH IN "TINSLEY'S MAGAZINE."

"**I**'VE done it, Glyde!" cried Edmund Dudley, as he entered his friend Glyde's rooms in Bond Street on a brilliant June morning. "Do you mean to say that you have not had your breakfast yet?"

"Now, don't talk, but have a kidney while it's hot," responded Glyde, pushing a chair towards his friend, and indicating the dish he had mentioned.

"No, no, my dear fellow," said Dudley, sinking into a chair, "I can't eat."

"Can you drink?" asked Glyde laconically.

"Yes, I fancy so," replied Dudley moodily.

"Then all is not yet lost. Don't howl and rail at your fate, and so on, if you can still enjoy your weed and your peg," said Glyde.

He finished his breakfast tranquilly, and when he had lit his cigar, he said:

"What is it that you have done, Dudley? Murdered your tailor because of a misfit?"

"I've proposed to the girl I mentioned to you," said Dudley, almost sullenly.

Glyde gave a long whistle.

"Oh, I see," he muttered; "and you have been accepted?"

Dudley nodded, and went on smoking in silence.

"I don't see, however," said Glyde presently, "why you should not look at the matter more cheerfully. Of course matrimony is a nuisance, because it is a tie, and one loses the pleasant sense of irresponsibility, which is the greatest charm of life, I think. But if you begin as you mean to go on, there is no reason why she should be too much of a tie upon you. And then, think of the neat sum of money she represents."

"I know, I know," said Dudley fretfully; "but just think of what all the fellows will go about and say of me everywhere—that I am mercenary, and that I am marrying in order to pay my debts."

"As to that, you know," said Glyde, "when men tell the truth there is nothing—"

"But the point is that men, and much less women, never do tell the truth, unless it be unpleasant," said Dudley. "There are plenty of truths about me that I should rather like to be circulated in society; but depend upon it, not a word will ever be breathed but about the one incident I would rather have kept quiet."

"When did you do it?" asked Glyde.

"Yesterday evening," said Dudley, his tone and aspect by no means those of an accepted lover. "We were at the Pomeroy's together; so I took her into the conservatory, and swore, till I was black in the face, that my very life depended upon her answer. I thought at first that she was laughing at me; but at all events she accepted me; so it does not much matter whether she were laughing or not laughing."

"But what do you suppose was her reason for accepting you?" said Glyde.

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Dudley—"that's the most extraordinary part of it all."

Here Glyde burst into a hearty laugh.

"You're a convivial suitor, I must own," he exclaimed, "and I hope—"

But his aspirations were never revealed; for at that moment a third young man entered Glyde's room, crying:

"Glyde, I've got a little party on to-day at Greenwich. Will you join us?"

"Very sorry, dear boy," responded Glyde gravely; "but the calls of friendship are imperative, you know. I must stand by Dudley here in his affliction."

"I beg your pardon, Dudley," said the newcomer; "I didn't see you at first. How do you do? What's the matter—have you lost any one?"

"Oh, no; quite the contrary," said Clyde; "he's won some one—that's what is the matter with him. He has consented to try a remedy for his ills in the form of matrimony; and though the pill be gilded with sixty thousand pounds, it sticks in his throat. We had better take him down to Greenwich, Russell; he will soon regain his spirits with us."

In vain Dudley protested that he had promised to call on Miss Lovel that very afternoon. His friends would hear no excuse. They forced him to write a note to her, pleading a previous engagement, and they insisted on his joining the merry, if not strictly reputable, party to Greenwich.

Dudley was presently the gayest of the gay, and forgot his new duties and responsibilities in the piquant conversational charm of certain "light" ladies.

The party consisted of four men and two women; and when they all reached the Trafalgar, and a private room was suggested, the feminine element strongly resisted the idea.

"We do not want to hide ourselves," cried Mlle. Tata.

"Nor our cavaliers," said Mlle. Toto.

So a table was taken in the public room by the wall and near the window. The ladies, having divested themselves of their wraps, seated themselves at the table, and prepared to have "a good time."

Russell, and his bosom friend Hobson, who were the hosts, ordered a considerable quantity of wine; and jokes were falling so thick and fast that the laughter of the party attracted general attention. At one moment there was a sudden influx of visitors; and Dudley, who was bending towards Mlle. Tata with great *empressement*, did not notice the new arrivals as they entered. He was sitting with his back to the public, and consequently could see very little of that which was going on in the room.

"By Jove! what a handsome girl!" cried Russell, who was opposite Dudley, as he looked straight over Dudley's shoulder. The other men signifying their concurrence in the opinion, Dudley turned round.

His face fell considerably as he recognized in the object of his friend's admiration Beatrice Lovel, his betrothed! She was alone, with her father only a yard or two off; and as he realized this bewildering state of things his eyes met hers and she smiled and bowed, while he responded with an awkward nod, muttering to himself that he was the unluckiest dog alive.

From that moment all Dudley's vivacity and enjoyment were over. He exerted himself by fits and starts to talk and laugh. He tried to resume his jokes and absurdities, he was assiduous in passing the wine, he paid the most forced compliments to his pretty neighbor, he related the wildest anecdotes; but there was no real animation in it all, and the boisterous party soon began to joke him about his sudden digression.

"Dudley, you must have seen a ghost," said one.

"Or a creditor," said another.

"Or the pater," suggested a third.

"Perhaps Mr. Dudley thinks his wife is not far off," hazarded Mlle. Toto, with a malicious smile.

"Impossible," I assure you," began Dudley.

"Because he's not married yet," added Glyde significantly.

"I see," said Mlle. Tata; "then perhaps he has seen a vision of the chosen fair one. That would of course be very terrible, especially if Mr. Dudley were considering matrimony as a genteel form of bankruptcy."

There was a general laugh at Mlle. Tata's

speech, and Dudley muttered to himself that they were all deucedly ill-bred, and that he was deucedly sorry he had ever consented to join the expedition. His game was of course entirely up; Miss Lovel would never forgive him—women were invariably severe on such matters—the sixty thousand pounds had disappeared, as far as he was concerned; and not only was he distressed about the money, but he felt a vague and lingering regret which he would have been puzzled to define. What could he do to mend matters? he asked himself again and again. He could not leave his party and join the Lovels: to begin with, it would be monstrously ill-bred on his part; also, Miss Lovel would certainly not receive him well; and he should only be laughed at generally. Yet it would be decidedly unpleasant to see her leave the room with her father, and to know that she had made up her mind to throw him over. He was utterly bewildered; and in order to get rid of the tiresome influence of these thoughts, he helped himself copiously to champagne, and certainly succeeded in making his troubles seem lighter.

In the meantime, the young lady at the neighboring table had been by no means unobservant. She and her father had only been seated a few moments when she leant across to him and asked:

"Do you see whom we have close to us, papa dear?"

Mr. Lovel, who was a good-hearted, easy-going man in everything disconnected with the business in which he had made his fortune, had seen his future son-in-law immediately on entering the room, but would not have drawn his daughter's attention to the fact.

"Well, yes, my dear, I do see," he answered now.

"But what's to be done, papa?" inquired Miss Lovel.

"I can really hardly say," answered Mr. Lovel tentatively. "What do you think of it?"

"I think, then, we won't talk of it just now, papa dear," replied the young lady decisively. "You shall have your dinner in peace, and we will return to the subject after the whitebait."

"So be it," said Mr. Lovel, nothing loth; and the father and daughter went very tranquilly through the lengthy list of dishes, disturbed only now and then by the boisterous merriment at the table beside them. When the four successive dishes of whitebait had been placed before them, and the exquisite fish in their different dresses had been duly tasted, Beatrice Lovel said quietly to her father:

"I hope you don't feel very angry with Mr. Dudley, papa, because of his being with that party—a very mixed party, is it not?"

"Well, my child, the party certainly is mixed—indeed, excessively mixed—and I'm afraid there is very little character to speak of at the table," replied Mr. Lovel, glancing discreetly at Dudley's companions as he spoke; "still, I am not so irate at Mr. Dudley's behavior as some persons might be. You see, young men will be young men. But I wouldn't have you distress yourself on the subject. You know young men are led into things without thinking."

"I know, papa," said Miss Lovel, "and that is why I am not inclined to be so severe. The thing is, that if we are judicious, we may save him from future harm."

"God bless my soul!" muttered Mr. Lovel, looking up at his daughter in amazement, "I never heard such a generous speech come from a woman before."

"But do you think I am wrong, papa?" asked Miss Lovel.

"Certainly not, my dear," replied her father. "I think that if women could more often be as liberal young men would not be so unmanageable. Still, I don't quite understand what

you see in young Dudley to induce you to overlook so much."

"My dear papa," said Miss Lovel, "I was interested in him when I first met him, because I thought there was something in him—something good in his nature—and I devised a little scheme by which I hope to do him a genuine service that will be of use throughout life. You have allowed me to do what I like—have you not?—and now I am going to surprise you."

Mr. Lovel shrugged his shoulders and shook his head and smiled indulgently at his daughter. She was an odd person, he was in the habit of saying, and had many whims and fancies.

Presently the moment came when Mr. Lovel and his daughter had finished their dinner.

"Now, my dear, what do you propose to do?" said Mr. Lovel. "Are you going to leave young Dudley here?"

"Why, yes, papa," said Beatrice. "You wouldn't have me go and fetch him. We must leave directly, and we can drive back to town before dark."

As she spoke she rose, and the party opposite had a full view of her tall slight figure and handsome head. Dudley's heart sank as he heard the comments of his temporary friends. For a moment or two he saw the waiters bowing and making way, he heard the rustle of silk, the indescribable *frou-frou* of a woman's skirts, and in desperation he looked up and met the dark eyes of his betrothed, fixed upon him with something of the expression that had puzzled him during his interview with her in Mrs. Pomeroy's conservatory. She smiled and bowed again, and passed out of the room, followed by her father.

Men are more friendly to each other than are women, and Glyde, by this time guessing the position of affairs, came to Dudley's rescue, exclaiming:

"I say, Dudley, are you not going to say a few words to your friends? You can catch them up at the door, and tell them the necessary conventional untruths. I am sure these ladies will excuse you for a moment rather than that you should appear rude."

Mademoiselle Tata having declared that it was useless trying to save appearances in that direction, and Mademoiselle Toto having signified her willingness to dispense with his company *in toto*, Dudley muttered a few apologetic words and made his escape. He felt exceedingly foolish when he reached the broad doorway. Miss Lovel and her father were standing there, waiting for the carriage to draw up, and he was conscious that his face was flushed and that he was not so clear-headed as he might have been. As Miss Lovel turned to greet him, he heartily wished himself back beside Mademoiselle Tata in the dining-room.

"I am glad you contrived to come and say a few words," she said, smiling brightly, and noting at the same time the young man's disturbed appearance. "You are a gay party, are you not?"

"Very gay indeed, I should say," muttered Mr. Lovel, who thought it was his duty to be somewhat severe. "Here is the carriage, Beatrice."

"I am ready, papa," she replied. "It's a pity we can't drive you back with us, Mr. Dudley. I hope you will get home safely," she added, with an expressive glance.

He muttered a few unintelligible words as he handed her into the carriage, and he heartily wished he could go back with her as she suggested. Then when she leant out of the carriage to give him her hand and to murmur in a low voice, "You will come to see me to-morrow, will you not, Edmund?" some strange feeling stirred within him and found expression on his face, and Miss Lovel saw she had produced the effect she desired.

When the next afternoon, Glyde returned,

after his drive, to his rooms in Bond Street, in order to dress for dinner, he found Dudley sitting by the open window.

"Well, Dudley, what's the matter now?" he exclaimed. "Have you had too fierce a fire about your head respecting yesterday's joke? When a friend displays such assiduity in his visiting one always knows there is something wrong. What has happened? You can tell me while I dress; but you must not be too diffuse, for I must be in Cleveland Square by eight o'clock. Now, then, have some brandy-and-soda, man—you look quite disturbed—and tell me your troubles, while I paint the lily; and don't say I am not a good friend."

"Oh, you're a good friend enough," muttered Dudley, leaning his head on his hand; "but I wish I had not been induced to join you and your friends in your expedition to Greenwich yesterday; that little party has cost me all the prosperity that had come upon me."

"What, even the prosperity that dawned upon you in the conservatory the other evening?" laughed Glyde.

"It's no laughing matter, I can assure you," said Dudley. "I feel like a cur that has been whipped."

"Have you been hounded down by your creditors, then?" suggested Glyde, with another laugh.

"If you laugh in that absurd manner every moment," said Dudley impatiently, "I shall throw something at you head."

"Keep cool, Dudley," said Glyde. "I am getting to the serious part of my toilette; tell me the climax of your dismal story while I am tying my white cravat. Seriously though, my dear fellow, what's wrong?"

"This is what has happened," said Dudley. "When I saw Miss Lovel into her carriage last night she asked me to call upon her to-day, and of course I went to the house after lunch to-day. She received me with the utmost kindness; she asked me several questions about my affairs, and at last she said that she knew quite well how I was situated; that I wanted a certain sum of money to pay my creditors, rather than a wife; that yesterday's incident showed her that I could not love her, which was not surprising, since I knew her so little; that she had accepted me the other night as a slight punishment for my recklessness; that she had never intended to marry me, but that she wished to keep me for her friend; and, finally, that she had put twenty thousand pounds in my bank to my credit, which she hoped I should devote to the paying of my debts, instead of taking refuge in such a spirit in matrimony, and which I might return when I liked and as I liked."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Glyde, "that's a woman worth cultivating!"

"But what am I to do?" said Dudley despondingly.

"What are you to do, man?" said Glyde. "Why, you ought to be delighted now, since you have got the money, and it's not saddled with the wife. Twenty thousand is not of course so desirable as sixty thousand; still, if you had had to take the girl with the larger sum you would have had many extra expenses, and there would have been settlements; as it is, you have the twenty thousand clear; and I daresay she would lend you more if you really wanted it. I should not waste too many regrets over the forty thousand difference. Twenty thousand will help you along a little. For my part, I think you are very lucky to get out of it all so well."

"But, Glyde, you don't understand me," cried Dudley; "you don't understand that I feel humiliated to the lowest degree by this girl's generosity. She has put her money in my bank; how am I to restore it? She says I

can pay it back to her when I like; but when shall I ever be able?"

"My dear fellow, I shouldn't quarrel with Fate, if I were you," said Glyde; "I should let the money remain at your bankers', to be used at your discretion. I should think of it and talk of it as a loan, and should think of, and talk of and to, the lady as if she were a friend, like a man. I don't see that the position is very trying, I must own."

"But, Glyde," cried Dudley again, with singular energy, "I should like to marry her without the money!"

Glyde turned to look at his friend gravely, and then said, shaking his head as he spoke:

"If you have fallen in love, as the common saying runs, Dudley, why I can't have you here any more. My chums may come and tell me what they like about their pecuniary difficulties, and I am always ready to sympathize with them, but I cannot put up with the ravings of lovers, their entire absorption and selfishness; so pray keep away, my dear fellow, until the attack is over. Are you severely hit, or do you think it is likely to be lingering?"

"You may laugh as much as you like," said Dudley; "but I tell you what it is—I have made up my mind to do all I can to win her."

"And get the remaining forty thousand?" said Glyde.

"And get Miss Lovel herself," said Dudley decisively—"a brave and generous woman—"

"And what is more to the purpose—a rich one," put in Glyde.

"Who deserves to be appreciated by the man who wins her; and by Heaven I will win her!"

"Now, Dudley, my dear fellow, you must go," said Glyde quietly. "I recognize the first stage of your disease, and shall send you away before it develops itself, and threatens to endanger the peace and prosperity of all your friends. I shall be very glad to see you when you are convalescent. Good-bye, dear boy; think of your future and keep cool."

And, with a laugh, Glyde went off into his bedroom; while Dudley went out of the house, half vexed and half amused.

"I will win her!" he muttered to himself, as he walked along, a new feeling in his heart, a new ambition in his brain.

And eventually he did win her; and they dined at Greenwich on each anniversary of their wedding.

THE South is continually scolding the North for waving the bloody shirt, and yet it persistently waives the subject itself. How inconsistent!—*Phila. Bulletin*.

IF the chief of the Washington Weather Bureau, otherwise known as "Old Probs," don't furnish more reliable "indications," some fellow with a better developed bunion will have to be hired. Why, there are as many as fifty old women in this town with nothing but ordinary corns who can stick their feet out of a window and tell what the weather will be for the next forty-eight hours.—*Wheel. Leader*.

Gov. HARTRANFT, after he retires from office, will be one of the busiest men in the State—if the newspapers don't lie. According to our exchanges, he will engage in the insurance business, become Collector of the Port of Philadelphia, embark in the mercantile business in the same city, go to stock raising, and enter President Hayes's Cabinet. (P. S.—The papers *do* lie. We saw the Governor a few days ago, and while contradicting the various reports concerning his future intentions, he confided to us that upon leaving the Governor's chair, he either intended to become a book-agent or write a comic almanac. This is reliable.)—*Norw. Herald*.

WHEN a St. Louis man bids his Chicago sweetheart good-bye, he says: "Bye, bye, sole long."—*New Haven Register*.

IT is now thought that the thirteen-inch footprints in the Connecticut sandstone were made by a Chicago girl-baby.—*Graphic*.

SIMON CAMERON is said to be terribly alarmed. He is afraid the Widow Oliver will attempt the Lady Gooch baby dodge on him.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

MANY a timid, shrinking maiden, who last summer swung upon the gate with her lover, is now engaged in half-soling the same individual's pants.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

No fiddler without an eye in his head and a J at the end of his name has any chance with a Boston audience. Violinj is now the correct spelling.—*Syracuse Standard*.

THE young men of the academy who go out between acts probably go out for an opera glass.—*Herald P. I.* Wrong, Mr. P. I., they probably go out for their rye glass.—*Whitehall Times*.

THE Saturday Review says few orators know when to sit down. But the young lady who sits down on the slush in the street generally knows about the right time to get up.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

A FAVORITE actress appeared in an entirely new role a few evenings ago. She rolled off the stage and created a sensation in the orchestra. She refused to respond to loud calls for an encore.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE Knights of the Garter used to wear the decoration around the neck. Now they have it go down by the left shoulder, and by the time England conquers Russia they'll get it down where it belongs.—*Boston Post*.

THE Norristown Herald innocently asks: "What under the sun is Piper-Heidsieck anyhow?" Why, bless your ignorant soul, it's Harry Piper, a Toronto Alderman, but nigger minstrels don't make everybody's head sick with jokes about him out in your part of the country.

THE enormous pressure on our advertising columns this week compels us to hold the greater part of "Puck's Exchanges" over to next week, much to our regret.

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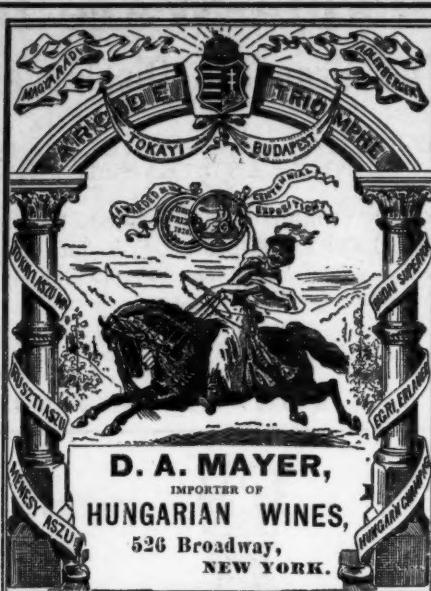
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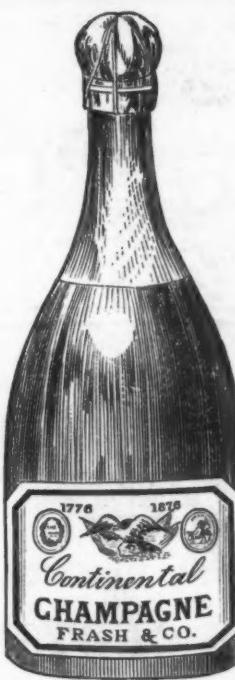
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She backs up Blaine most cleverly,  
This little dame from Beverly,  
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Though she can wear the—trousers,  
And with manly fury 'rouse us,  
She cannot, somehow, get around our Schurz.